

Rainbow the 24 karat flour

Just as the metal refiner repeatedly skims off the dross from the molten gold, so we remove, by repeated bolting, the fibre, embryo germ and other dross of the wheat that enters into the making of Rainbow Flour.

Were Karat marks given to flour, Rainbow would win the verdict "24 Karat." And it is the only flour that would be entitled to such distinction. For in its milling, the less desirable elements are most painstakingly removed.

We utilize only the choicest portion of the wheat berry. There is not a trace of fibre in Rainbow Flour—not a trace of dirt or germ—nothing remains but the pure starch and gluten.

What bread it makes! Snow-white and flaky—a mouth-melting delight!

Test some and you'll agree it's the one 24 Karat Flour.

RAINBOW FLOUR

MAKES GOOD BREAD

Sold in 7-lb., 14-lb., 24-lb., 49-lb. and 98-lb. bags and in barrels.

Canadian Cereal and Flour Mills Limited, Toronto, Canada.
Makers of Tiltan's Oats—Rainbow Flour—Star Flour

One in a Thousand, BUT TRUE TO THE LAST

CHAPTER X.

LOVE'S BEST FRIEND.

"There, there," he says, soothingly: "there, don't cry any more, my darling! I am an unfeeling brute, I know; but I'm very sorry."

With Adrian trying to comfort me, I am not likely to remain long in grief; then, when I am laying quiet against him, he begins, manlike, to excuse himself.

"You see, my darling, I haven't slept at all; and, when a man has a headache, you know, it plays the very deuce with his temper.

I wonder was there ever, since Adam himself, a man who was willing to bear blame without trying to show that he was more or less—generally more—in the right? I am a little disappointed to find Adrian is of the number, and yet how stupid I am to say so! I have set him up on a pedestal—oh, such a high one!—of pure gold, and I have gilded him so highly that the glitter ought to last a lifetime; but in the wear and tear

of everyday life it will rub off and display the plain gingerbread beneath. It has always been so; I suppose it will continue to the end of the world. Some foolish, little girl gives her heart away, and everything looks rosy and bright; her lover is not like other girls' lovers, and her love story has a novelty and charm all its own; when she and her lover are married they are not going to do as all other couples do, as their fathers and mothers did before them. Oh, no—they are going to live all their lives in one continuous honeymoon! The girl resolves that they will never grow old, or, if they do, it will be a graceful ripening which they will not notice, because they love each other so much more than they did when they were married first. But sometimes this same girl looks at the darker side of the question; perhaps her own immediate experience has shown her that there are such things in life as poverty, sickness, misfortune, death; yet, even then, she is not daunted. Her picture is just as rosy, just as lovable; all these misfortunes which may come will only prove to "dear Jack" that he has chosen a wife who is not all on the surface. Ah, little girl, little girl, you learn in time that it is not the great misfortune of life which wear love out! A dire calamity is often the best friend love has; it serves to draw hearts closer together; it makes husband and wife more forbearing, more considerate. No, it is not the great trials which turn your heart sick and make

the whole world seem blank. For "dear Jack" has grown tired of you, as your neighbors put it, "you can't get on at all," but it is the shutting of a door, the overfilling of a cup, or, most frequently of all, speaking unexpectedly when "dear Jack" is shaving. Ah, little girl, it is the hard rubbing that polishes a diamond or a slab of marble, not it is the little rubs of life that take the gilt off that gingerbread rhapsody which you have glorified and set up in your true, loving, little heart as "dear Jack."

In my case it is a headache. I wonder will a headache or any pain ever make me speak to Adrian as he did to me just now. I don't think so; at then, I am hardly a fair judge—least, not just yet. I gather myself together, with a sigh, and raise myself from the shelter of his arms, not because I am cross or tired of being there, but because I am mindful of his headache.

"Then you have ceased to be cross with me, darling?" says Adrian, anxiously.

"I was not cross at all!" I cry, indignantly. "I was only—"

But I cannot tell him what it was that troubled me, for the tears well fresh into my eyes, and I feel that my lips are quivering.

"Yes, yes, my darling," he says, penitently; "I know it was all my fault. I am a beast, an unfeeling—"

I feel Adrian must be dreadfully alarmed, when he does not make the

very smallest excuse for himself; and I astonish him by bursting into a genuine fit of laughter; and then we go back to the other room to finish our breakfast—that is to say, I finish mine, and Adrian lounges on the sofa, and announces over and over again that his head is awful. I fetch some scent—white rose it is—and bathes his forehead and temples, until he falls asleep. Then I fondly imagine that he will slumber peacefully until luncheon time and awake quite recovered; but, if I contemplate stopping in my self-imposed task, I

am mistaken. I leave off for a moment, and am just going to get up from the sofa, when his sleepy, gray eyes open, and he says, piteously: "Why are you stopping, baby?"

"Oh you rogue!" I laugh, laying my scent-wetted hand on his head.

He laughs, too, in a sleepy fashion, and murmurs something about being awfully nice, and in an instant is sound asleep again, but never so sound but he finds out if I leave off. So I sit patiently "dabbing" his forehead with the fragrant wash, and in the very midst of my ministrations in come the last persons in the world I want to see—Theo and her husband.

Cold as she is, Theo is wide awake; her quick eyes take in the whole scene—the remains of the breakfast, Adrian asleep and the large bottle of scent in my hand.

"What a pity to disturb so interesting a picture!" she says, sarcastically.

"Oh, it's of no consequence!" says Adrian, politely, holding out one hand to her, and trying to smooth his curly hair with the other. "I'm afraid I've been asleep."

"No doubt about it," says Theo, sweetly. "I fear you have a headache"—with a meaningful glance at the bottle I still have in my hand.

"Yes," he laughs; "and this fairy has been charming it away," putting his arm about me as he speaks.

"Ah, 'twould be a long time before you'd do that for me, eh, Theo?" remarks Lasselles.

"I am afraid it would, my dear," answers Theo, icily.

I am getting to dread that caustic tongue of my sister's, and I move away from her, a little closer to Adrian, who laughs.

"Audrey would not take such a lot of bother for anyone else but me," he affirms, boldly; "would you, baby?"

"Certainly not," I answer; but Theo cuts me short.

"We have a box for the opera, to-night, Audrey, and we want you to dine with us, and go with us afterward."

I look at Adrian, and he says it will be very nice, Theo frowns, impatiently.

"Will you come, or not, Audrey?"

"Of course," I answer, complacently.

"Not 'of course' at all. You didn't say whether you would or no."

"But Adrian did," I remonstrate.

"Does 'Adrian'—with sneering emphasis on the name—'live and think and do everything for you?'"

"Naturally," answers Adrian, with a look at me which I happen to know means mischief. "Doesn't Lasselles do as much for you?"

At this apparently innocent remark Derriek laughs heartily; but Theo looks disgusted, and rises from her chair, with the air of an offended queen.

"Then we may expect you at seven?" she says, putting two fingers into mine.

"Very well," I answer, without looking at Adrian this time.

"Seven sharp," puts in Lasselles, "or—"

"I wish you wouldn't be vulgar, Lasselles," says Theo, interrupting him sharply.

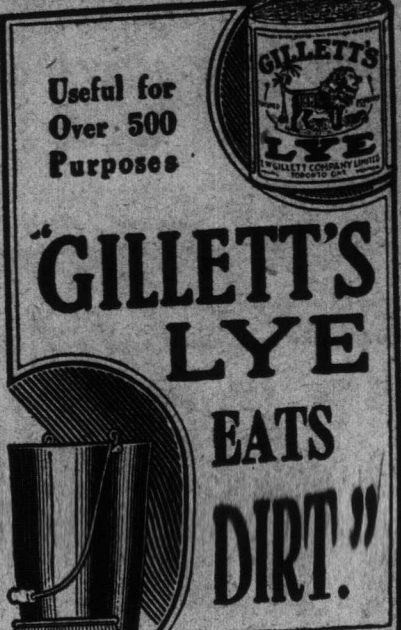
"That's the way she always sits upon me," says he, with an air of mock alarm. "Oh, I forgot! 'Sits upon' is worse than 'seven sharp,' so I'd better make tracks before I set my foot in it any more."

"Poor Lasselles!" I say, when the carriage has driven away. "They don't seem very happy. I can't think what has come over Theo. She used to be such a darling, and now she is often absolutely rude."

"No, my love," says Adrian, tenderly; "I think she is a little disappointed."

"Well, it is of no use talking about her; I don't suppose we shall see very much of her after this month—"

Useful for Over 500 Purposes



GILLETT'S LYE
BEATS DIRT.

not for a time, at all events. Shall we go out, or is your head still aching?"

"Oh, no! Your scent has made it all right," he answers. "And I really do want to do some shopping this morning. It won't bore you to accompany me?"

"Oh, no!"

So we set off and spend a long morning and lots of money, coming in late for lunch, and ravenously hungry.

"I say, Adrian," I announce, when we have nearly done. "I have never seen that Zazel thing. You might take me this afternoon."

"That Zazel thing," as you so irreverently term her," says he, with an air of great severity, "is a woman—not only a woman, but a young woman, and a particularly prepossessing one."

"Really! I didn't know. I thought it was a mechanical doll or something of that sort. Well, will you take me? I want to see her."

So to see that marvellous young lady we go, and have a grand scramble to be home and dress in time for dinner at seven "sharp."

Something makes me take infinite pains with my toilet to-night, but the result is not anything approaching 'ness. The dress I choose is of the darkest blue velvet, made perfectly plain, and just about as tight as I

can get into. At the throat and wrists I wear ruffles, but not of the traditional old point lace, as so many story books have them. I do not remember to have ever seen "old point ruffles." I do not quite see myself how they could be made into a ruffle, except they were starched—and, oh, ye gods! imagine "old point" undergoing the utter degradation of starch!

No; the ruffles I wear this evening are of that delicate material known as "crapelle." We bought it as we came home from the Aquarium, and my maid has sewn three folds of it together to make it look thick and stiff. Round my throat, immediately below the ruffle, I wear a dog's collar of diamond, and I have no other ornament whatever. I go to Adrian, in his dressing room, and demand how he likes me.

"Just the same," he answers, struggling with his tie, "as I should do in a blanket ulster."

"Oh, you stupid boy!" I cry, pretending to be vexed. "I mean, how do you like my 'get-up'?"

Having succeeded in making the tie all right, he turns and looks at me.

"Well!" I say, impatiently.

"You really ought not to make yourself look like that," he says, seriously. "It's not fair to other fellows."

"Why?" I ask, indignantly.

(To be continued.)

Granulation of the Eyelids

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Most people know Dr. Chase's Ointment best as a cure for eczema and itching piles. Nor is this to be wondered at when you think of the remarkable record made in this class of cures.

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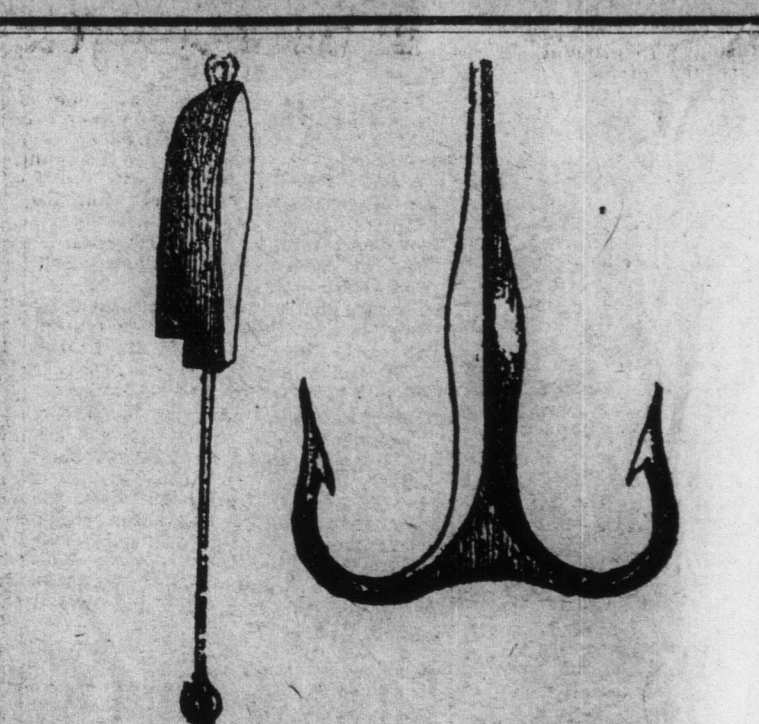


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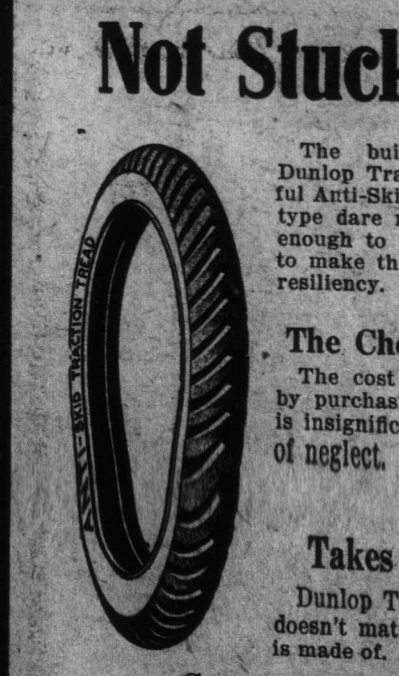
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